

The Sydney Morning Herald.

NO. 7355.—VOL. XLV.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1862.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRTHS.
On the 26th of December, at her residence, 71, Sussex-street North, Mrs. T. CHAPLIN, of the 1st December, at Kiwaning, Five Dock, N.S.W., died on the 2nd December, at Kwinana, of a daughter, near Sydney, Mrs. George Paton, of a daughter.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

OVERLAND ROUTE TO ENGLAND.—THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S CARGO.

H. H. POTT, commander, will be despatched for GALLE, with her Majesty's mails, passengers, stores, and cargo, on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd January, 1862, at 2 p.m., sailing from MELBOURNE and KING GEORGE'S BOUND.

For particulars, regarding freight and passage, with information on all subjects connected with the PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINES, apply to HENRY MOORE, Agent, Moore's Wharf, Sydney, 23rd December, 1861.

BLACK BANTH AND EAGLE LINES OF BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN PACKETS.

FOR LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool and Australian Navigation Company's magnificent and powerful screw steamer GREAT BRITAIN, 5000 tons, 1000 horse power, JOHN COOPER, captain, will be despatched in a few days.

For freight or passage apply on board, at the Circular Quay, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

THANE OF FIFE.—The smart clipper brig LOUIS and MIRIAM, J. R. VANDERVOORD, commander, is now fast loading, and having a large number of her passengers embarked, will probably sail on the 25th of JANUARY, and sail the following day.

For freight or passage apply on board, at the Grafton Wharf, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

ONLY VESSEL FOR WHELLINGTON AND PORT COOPER.—The favourite regular trader DART, J. SCAPLEHORN, commander, will be despatched in a few days.

For freight or passage apply on board, at the Grafton Wharf, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

ONLY VESSEL FOR WELLINGTON and PORT COOPER.—The favourite regular trader DART, J. SCAPLEHORN, commander, will be despatched in a few days.

For freight or passage apply on board, at the Grafton Wharf, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

ONLY VESSEL FOR AUCKLAND.—The clipper barque CONSTANCE, J. BUTT, commander, leaves at Circular Quay, THIS DAY. Shippers will please complete their shipments, pass entries, and forward bills of lading for signature.

For freight or passage apply to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

FOR AUCKLAND.—To follow the Constance. The favourite regular BREADALBANE, J. G. BARRON, commander, will be despatched eight days after arrival.

For freight or passage apply to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

FOR SHANGHAI.—For Passengers and Stock only.—The fine AL clipper ship NAOMI, P. SAYERS, commander, will sail for the above port, on 10th January, 1862.

Apply on board, or to GILCHRIST, WATT, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

FOR HONGKONG.—The first-class American clipper-built ship BUNA VISTA, 1000 tons, N. AYRES, commander, has spacious two-deck, well ventilated, and first-class accommodation. Will be despatched on the 5th January next. For passage only, to Circular Quay, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—For Passengers only.—The fine AL barque STATELY, M. WYCHERLEY, commander, has superior accommodation for cabin and intermediate passengers, and will sail from Newcastle for San Francisco, on SATURDAY, the 10th January, 1862.

Passenger cargo for Tasmania and Macquarie will be taken on the company's interprovincial steamer from Nelson.

Return tickets are issued at reduced rates, entitling the holder to ten days' passage in New Zealand.

For freight or passage apply at the company's office, JOHN VINE HALL, general manager, Grattan Wharf.

THE AUSTRALASIAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMSHIPS TO—MELBOURNE.—RANGATIKI, TO—MORROW.

ADMIRAL, 1000 tons, will sail on 18th January.

INTER RIVER.—COLLAROY, THIS EVENING (THURSDAY), at 11.

CLARENCE TOWN Direct.—COLLAROY, THURSDAY.

BRISBANE Direct.—TELEGRAPH, TO—MORROW (FRIDAY), at 6 p.m.

MARYBOROUGH, via NEWCASTLE.—WARATAH, TUESDAY, 14th January, at 10 p.m.

GLADSTONE, PORT MACQUARIE.—COLLAROY, THIS EVENING, the 16th January, at 6 p.m.

From BRISBANE to—THE IPSWICH and the BRISBANE, and vice versa.

From BRISBANE to MARYBOROUGH, GLADSTONE, and ROCKHAMPTON, TUESDAY, 17th January.

JAMES PATERSON, A. S. N. Co.'s Wharf, Sussex-street.

ILLAWARRA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAMERS TO CYCLIDE RIVER, THIS DAY, at noon.

CLARENCE, THIS DAY, at noon.

ULLADULLA, THIS DAY, at noon.

WOLLONGONG, THIS DAY, at noon.

KIAMA, TO-MORROW, at 11 p.m.

SHOALHAVEN, TO-MORROW, at 11 p.m.

MERIMBULA, on WEDNESDAY, at 11 p.m.

STEAM TO THE MANNING RIVER.—The VIC-ORIA, on TUESDAY next, at 8 p.m.

STEAM TO PORT MACQUARIE.—The VIC-ORIA, THIS NIGHT, at 8 o'clock.

STEAM TO THE HUNTER.—The CITY OF NEWCASTLE, TO-MORROW, FRIDAY, at 11 p.m.

P. J. COHEN, manager, Office, foot of Market Wharf.

C. AND H. R. S. N. COMPANY.—The steamship GRAFTON, CLARENCE, RIVER, TO-NIGHT, at 10 o'clock.

TILMOUTH F. DYKE, Secretary.

STEAM TO THE MACLEAY RIVER.—THE NEW MOON, TO-MORROW (Friday), at 6 p.m., from Mr. Struth's Wharf. Freight paid by the shippers. W. DALTON, agent.

WATSON'S BAY STREAMER NAUTILUS.—Daily, 7 a.m.; each way.

SUNDAY, 10.30 a.m. 12 and 5.

Saturday, leaves Watson's Bay 5.30 p.m.

Sunday, ditto ditto 6.0 p.m.

Sunday return tickets issued only, 1s.

MANLEY BEACH STREAMERS DAILY.—The PHANTOM leaves Circular Quay, Woolloomooloo, Manly, 10.30-2.15, 6.15, 9.15, 12.0, 9.15.

S. H. WILSON, agent.

KARRAMATTA STREAMERS.—The swift and favourite boats now ply as follows:

ON WEEK DAYS.

From Parramatta, at 7 and 11 a.m., and 3 p.m. From Sydney, at 7 a.m., and 4 p.m.

ON SUNDAYS.

From Parramatta, at 7 a.m., and 4 p.m. From Sydney, at 9 a.m., and 5.30 p.m.

Cabin..... 1s. 6d. Steerage..... 1s. 9d.

Ditto return 2s. 6d. Ditto return 1s. 6d.

Or Ninepence each way.

FOUR RICHMOND RIVER.—Schooners HELEN, STORM KING, and CALLEDNER, on THURSDAY.

RICHMOND RIVER and PELICAN TREE.—The fine schooner BLACK DIAMOND sails TO-MORROW.

For freight or passage, apply to T. H. GREEN, Wharf, Bathurst-street.

FOR THE MANNING RIVER.—THE LIGHTNING.—M. SUGDEN, master, sails first fair wind.

MERRIMAN and RAYNELL, Victoria Wharf.

FOR THE CLYDE AND MORUYA RIVER.—The ketch NUMBA, H. BASTON, master, is now ready to receive cargo, and sails on SATURDAY next.

For freight or passage apply on board; or to THOMAS McCAFFERY, Victoria Wharf.

MARGARET MACLEAY RIVER, on FRIDAY next.—Apply on board, Victoria Wharf.

FOR TWOFOLD BAY, on FRIDAY, 6th January.—Circular Quay, Circular Quay.

MARY, FOR THE MANNING RIVER.—Sails first fair wind. Apply on board, Victoria Wharf.

ONLY VESSEL FOR MELBOURNE.—The four-ruled regular trader VIXEN, W. BENNETT, commander, having a large portion of her cargo engaged, will meet with quick despatch.

For freight &c., apply on board, at the Grafton Wharf, or to LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

FOR PORT DENISON and BROAD SOUND.—The three-masted schooner POLICIAN, 120 tons, Captain TILL. This vessel is now loading, and will be despatched as above on MONDAY next, 9th January.

For freight or passage apply to J. and W. BYRNES and CO., or LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's Chambers.

ONLY VESSEL FOR OTAGO, landing freight at DUNDRUM.—The clipper ship JANE MARIE, CLULON, master, is now loading at Park-street, and will sail in a few days.

For freight or passage apply on board; or to MOLISON and BLACK, No. 6, Bridge-street.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

PERSONS ADVERTISED FOR.

A BROATH.—The undersigned would be glad to receive information respecting JOHN DUPE FINLAYSON (son of the late master, Arbroath), who was last heard of about seven years ago, from Mount Manser, Manse. W. A. OGG, Union Club, Sydney.

E. MOGRIDGE.—Please CALL at FOX and WOODS' Office, 79, George-street South.

JOHN HUXLEY.—of Hannamore, who left England, in May, 1860, by the ship Orient, for Sydney.

M. R. JOHNN HENNINGS.—at present residing in the European Hotel, Castlereagh-street, Sydney, would be highly obliged if Mrs. LENORA NEUL would send her DIRECTIONS to him, as he has to make her communications of importance.

M. B. FREDERICK COKE.—will receive a letter from his friends, with their address, to his address, 139, Pitt-street, Cleveland-street.

M. R. HARDRIDGE.—PUPILS will meet at the close of the present vacation, on MONDAY, January 20th, 1862, 123, Liverpool-street, Hyde Park.

M. R. HARDRIDGE.—Tuition on THURSDAY, the 9th instant, 93, Forbes-street, Woolloomooloo.

M. R. CANE'S SCHOOL.—Circular Quay, Sydney.

M. R. CANE'S COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.—Circular Quay, Sydney.

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MELIBEURS UPON GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS BY NIGHT.

(From *Chamber's Journal*)

"What a grand thing is your London gas, sir?" said Melibous, as we were one evening walking together to Whealbarra Hall, Green-street, to dine with the Benevolent Costermongers. "What a capital salute for great improvement upon the sun! How grandly important, and to be depended upon!"

"It smells a little sometimes," observed I, dryly. "I like a slight smell of gas," returned the indomitable Melibous; "it reminds me of happy faces, charming dresses, of love, and wit, and pathos, all together—a word, of the theatre. I seem to see the elder Kean whenever I come across a broken cow-pipe."

"But a London man," persisted my friend, "may see us all day long in London streets by night with—"

"Very, very sad ones, Melibous."

"True, my friend; albeit, if it be not wrong to say so—wrong to speak as a mere spectator of the wretchedness in which so many thousands of our fellow-creatures, and those the least able to bear it, are plunged—there is a sort of grandeur in the immensity of that gilded misery which throngs the streets by night, like a fairy host, whose numbers overflow—to us without—with the music of the operas and the sparkling throngs that stream forth from the opera houses might almost persuade one, if one looked no nearer, that happiness was really composed of some such materials as these."

Thus speaking, Melibous waved his hand over Metropolitan space, and it came in contact with a gentleman, with a paper lantern at his head instead of a hat, most brilliantly illuminated, and affording information in every type concerning the whereabouts of the Poor, Plastique, & Melibous. "I run into the night," which, "I said the hat, "is the middle of Pygmalion, and bring home to us, in flesh and blood, the greatest efforts of Grecian art."

The ready hand of Melibous, with a shilling in it, here met the master's paper lantern, and changed the current of his speech. "I thank you, sir, and beg your pardon, that I mistook you for a preacher; they often take a poor chap's shilling, but—"

A moving mass of people here intervened, and prevented further discourse between Melibous and his friend, whom we perceived afar off, like a little light-horse contrasting with the human wave.

"And what do you have, had some talk with that man, too, said my friend. "I think I could set him right in some of his opinions. What are these *Posses Plastiques*? Mrs. M. does a little needlework herself, and I think would rather like to see them."

"I think, Melibous, that you had very much better not take her," I said with a serious face; and yet I could scarcely help laughing in his ingenuous countenance. What very old mistakes a country gentleman may make, and one who is by no means foolish either! The respectable elderly lady whom I ever knew used to frequent the Elysian Gardens, Battersea, daily, during her stay in England."

"Did you ever eat a periwinkle?" inquired Melibous, stopping at an illuminated stall upon the pavement devoted to the sale of that delicacy. "I have some in Hungerford Market yesterday, and found them very good."

I stared at Melibous, Like some watch of the skies,

"And how did you get them out of their shells?"

"Well, that was my only difficulty," replied he frankly; "for, altho' there were some already picked in a sander, I was suspicious of them, because the only implement used for their extraction by the mermaid who retailed them was a black hairpin."

Melibous felt me shudder, as I leaned upon his arm.

"My dear fellow," expostulated he, "what can be less open to suspicion than a practical person like myself? I got them out myself with my scissars. Won't you have one or two? They would be as good as cysters as a preparative for the Costermongers' banquet, and infinitely more delicate."

I hurried Melibous away with my appetite for the expected dainties in Whealbarra Hall, already seriously diminished.

He referred to a vendor of periodicals and song-books, whose shop consisted of a very large inverted specimen of that genus—which was, in fact, a gig umbrella—elegantly lit up on five of its spokes by as many candles, and presenting to the eyes of Melibous an overhandly attractive spectacle. This Medie of the pavement was smoking a short pipe, and perusing an illustrated journal on one eye, while the other fix'd on his peripatetic halberd."

"Buy a *Wartler*, buy a *Mundus* Narrative, buy a halberd for the young," observed he persuasively, "or buy," added he, perceiving that Melibous had a paternifamilial air—"buy that skillfully worked upon receipts and recipes, which makes a doctor unnecessary, and a cook altogether superfluous." However, Melibous purchased the murderous narrative, as being the most exciting example of the stock on hand, and opening sentences of which, too, promised him much novelty in the way of grammar and construction.

We turned into one of those quiet streets inhabited by the junior aristocracy, who, when their fathers retire to more limited mansions underground, will, in their turn, reside in the vast palaces of the square into which leads; a street of expectations, narrow, indeed, itself, but with outlets and prospects of great grandeur.

"Do you know, Melibous, that for each of these dolls' houses there is as much money given, per annum, as you could get for your fine place at Bullock Smithy, with the shooting and fishing included?"

"Not more?" returned Melibous, raising his eyebrows. "Is it possible? Do you think that I could effect an exchange? But what is that exquisite music?"

"There is a German band in the square, and a hurdy-gurdy in the Mews—and, of course, no policeman."

"Hush!" exclaimed Melibous; "both are exquisite; and their notes, which here circulate with the atmosphere, would be exchanged for valuable coin anywhere in the country; but listen, there is a duet, and only one man singing it!"

He spoke in a low voice, and I understood that he was referring to a sense of his situation by grace, which was "performed" by sixteen voices.

"What a charming gratuitous entertainment!" observed my friend, with tears in his eyes.

Presently he began to swell the harmony with his own voice.

"Melibous," said I sternly, "be quiet. Your mission was to eat your dinner, the mission of these gentlemen is to sing songs for it."

"What a wonderful place is this London of yours!" exclaimed he presently, "where for two days past—I ice-like this is placed beside you from the cold lakes of North America, from the frozen steppes of Siberia, and the snows of the Arctic ocean!"

I am thankful to say that Melibous was here interrupted and recalled to a sense of his situation by grace, which was "performed" by sixteen voices.

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By Lord Hardwick's Act of 1751, all previous laws relating to marriages were repealed, with the exception of those relative to special licences, and it was enacted that all marriages must thereafter be solemnised by a clergyman in the parish church by virtue of "his ministerial power" by saying, "I give you this my consent to be married."

For himself, then at least, he married a lady of his own rank in a regular and open manner. The marriage was followed by the birth of children; when the woman with whom the verbal contract had been made suddenly appeared in the Ecclesiastical Court, and not only set aside the second marriage, but bastinadoed the children of the first, and now, widowed, the unfortunate young man to celebrate the first marriage with her in the face of the Church.

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FORTUNE-MAKERS.

There is a book yet to be written about England, which will be more valuable to the historian than any collection of State papers, or any number of biographies, and that is the history of the mutations of English property. It is astonishing how little attention has yet been paid to this chapter in the great narrative of English progress. The materials must exist in State grants, family histories, parish registers, monument chests, and, above all, the records of wills; but there is no collection of facts anywhere to be found. Digging deep in county histories one picks up a few stray items, but the connected history of the propertied class is still to seek. Yet the surface of modern England is, to use a geological term, one vast deposit, the excretions of extinct tribes of fortune makers. For ages—and the fact is one of the many specialities of our island history—every generation or two has produced some new species of millionaire, some occupation or traffic, or source of gain, which enabled new men to build fortunes, and, dying, founded families, or will away great estates. The Norman conquerors were the first, and of them we have some account, and of their successors, the continental adventurers, the gay and polished men of Southern France, who talked the langue d'oc, and whom the Norman kings loved and petted, while the people cursed. But of the first grand mutation of property managed by civil expedients, the vast sales which preceded and accompanied the crusades, we have no account whatever. A third of England changed hands, and the puzzle is where the purchasers got the money from. Some can be traced as traders, goldsmiths, woolgrowers, and usurers, but we suspect the ecclesiastics found most of the funds. The wars of the Roses shifted lands from hand to hand, but did not very greatly change the class; and for the next mutation on a grand scale we must pass on to the sequestration of the monasteries. From that day, and up to the death of Queen Ann, Court favour was the surest road to fortune. It was the only pursuit, indeed, which could in a few years raise an unknown man to the status of an English peer. If a man pleased Henry the Eighth, were it only as his fire-screen, he rose at once to wide possessions, and England owes much to the race founded by a lucky Court gossip of the kind. The Cecils are great peers to this day on the

was produced also the great loanmonger, the man of whom Rothschild is accepted as a type, contractors like Ouvard, who took Charles the Seventh of Spain as a partner—we mean literally as a registered partner, responsible for debts—and houses like the Hopas and Barings, who sent a lad to America to buy all the cotton in the world, mildly expostulated with an agent who purchased a small kingdom in Canada, and subsequently only scolded a partner, who first bought the whole territory round Mexico—the city—and then compelled the Legislature to annul his inconvenient bargain as injurious to the safety of the State. The contractor followed, but he brings us to the present day, when no single class can be pointed to as first favourite of fortune. The loanmonger is still powerful, and so is the speculator; but bankers accumulate fortunes like those of the highest nobles, and a linendraper left the other day cash which would purchase the fee-simple of the Woburn estates. The rate of fortunes has enormously increased. Pitt thought it useless to tax fortunes above a million, and now men die every day whose heirs chuckle over the saving produced by his want of foresight. A "plum" has ceased to be even a citizen's goal, and there are tradesmen in London whose incomes while in trade exceed a "great fortune" of the time of the second George. Very enormous realised fortunes, properties that are producing more than £50,000 a year, are, however, still very scarce. Only fifty-seven are returned to the English income tax, and though that is a palpably erroneous account, it may be doubted if there are a thousand individuals with that amount in the world. There are none in France and Italy beyond a few working capitalists, a few remaining in Germany, a considerable number in Russia, and perhaps thirty individuals in America. The Northern papers say there are fifteen capitalists who could pay for the war, but that is a democratic exaggeration. There are perhaps ten private incomes in India of that amount, as many in South America, and a few officials in the Eastern world accumulate very considerable sums, but there the list ends, and despite the enormous increase of wealth, and the depreciation of money as its representative, the man who possesses £50,000 a-year in security may still rank himself as belonging to the *clercs de la croire* of the plutocracy of the world.—*Spectator*.

We are not hunting the modern ghost through the files of these periodicals, and of its several appearances, we speak from memory. But a ghost it is *in optimis forma*. We thought the whole race had been finally laid in the Red Sea; but perhaps the bungling operation of sinking the submarine cable there has stirred their repose. At all events, there is a "here we are again" from a whole tribe of spectres. All that is changed in them is a complete acceptance of fashionable costume, and the assumption of the best drawing-room manners. They scorn to wear shrouds, or walk in their grave clothes; they do not show incised wounds, or mount guard over hidden treasures and lost title-deeds; they do not shake chains when they come, or leave a suspicious smell behind them when they vanish. And they keep earlier hours than the old "won't go home till morning" ghost. They dine, go to the theatre, and travel by first-class carriages, having taken to that comparatively slow mode of conveyance. And the reader will doubtless have noted that no modern ghost has ever descended to a parliamentary train or a third-class carriage. They are spectres of position and means; they dine and take their claret in a ladylike or gentlemanly manner, as the sex may be, but only in town or country mansions; you never catch them feeding at Simpson's, nor do we remember that any spectre has yet criticised his chop at a club. But we have no doubt the Carlton will soon have to blackball some ghost of pushing and intrusive disposition.

It is only on a review of the trash of this kind that has appeared within the past year or two that its full absurdity—we may add, mischief—appears. What is its purpose? We protest against the ghost at the dinner-table and in the opera-box. It is becoming a nuisance, and a very stupid one. When the spectre was hideous, and a creation of ignorance and perfect belief, it had an element of terror.

prey and Bravado. The scene was one of surpassing loveliness at the moment; sea, land, and sky seemed to borrow beauty from each other; the waters of the Solent teemed with life, and a yacht followed yacht, with white sails standing out in bold relief against the shores, it required but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine how naturally such a sight, seen for the first time, would inspire the spectator with feelings of indescribable awe, such as was felt by the natives of the new world when they saw the "winged monster" of Columbus gliding mysteriously towards them, over their, till then, lonely seas, and bearing, as they fondly believed, beings belonging to a heaven-born race. Ah! could they have but foreseen the degradation, bitterness, and woe which has to follow in the train of those they thus welcomed—the bearers of that sacred cross which was to typify the sacrifice of One who came down from on high to proclaim peace on earth and goodwill toward men, how changed had been the scene depicted by the poet!

"Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the fawn, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clasp their hands, exclaiming as they run,
Come and behold the children of the sun!"

But whilst Ocean remains the same, how great the change in all she bears upon her bosom. Man no longer fears her darkest frown; science has him conquer, and through her aid nor storm nor calm can turn him from his course. Where will end we know not. We marvel at the present, but what marvels may there not be in store for those who follow after?

But what has all this to do with a regatta?—more than would at first appear; for what we have just written is nothing less than the elevation of the dock in which the keel of the structure we are about to build is to be laid, and it is thy ignorance, O reader, or thy impatience which thus perverts thy judgment, and prevents thy being cognizant of so grave a fact.

Be thankful that in these preliminary remarks, we have not, as some writers do, made the beginning of the world our starting point. We have but gone back to Columbus, and how were it possible for us to omit a reference to the great Portuguese navigator, when the ocean and America were in our thoughts. Subjects, these, which naturally associate themselves with the matter we have in hand, for on the 19th April, 1775, was a fighting in America. At Lexington

we have to defer our intended cotillions after supper. This takes place at half-past six, in the Rotunda, where, whilst we refresh ourselves at one of three circular tables of different elevations, "elegantly set out though profusely covered"—an intimation of which may be seen in the dinners a la Russe of present day, our ears are regaled by an orchestra of 240 performers, "in which are included some of the first masters," led by Gardini. But though a spell of enchantment last around us by the bewitching singing of Leasay, Vernon, Reinhold, &c., the appearance of the orchestra has in itself a lugubrious effect, "for its illumination has been unfortunately overlooked."

Supper being over, we withdraw to the temple of Neptune, and though we have very great personages amongst us, for there are their Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester andumberland, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of North, Harrington, Stanley, Tyrconnel, Lincoln, with their respective ladies; also, Lord Lyttelton, Coleraine, Carlisle, March, Bourne, Cholmondeley, Petersham, &c., and French, Spanish, Russian, and Prussian ambassadors,—we dance minuets and cotillions, without regard to precedence, till a late hour. The weather is not favourable to out-door amusements, so that the bridges and palm-trees which were erected in the gardens are lost upon us, and the illuminations with which they were have been accompanied are not exhibited; so we dance on till we are thoroughly tired, and are home, well pleased, though somewhat fatigued, with our first regatta.

As we walk homeward we hear a lusty voice chanting one of the eleven verses of the ballad composed in honour of the occasion, and which brought down thunders of applause in the Runda:

ough of festinos, champêtres enough,
parés, and frescos, and such worn-out stuff,
how to amuse ye? Ay, there was the question.
Regatta was thought of—oh, lucky suggestion!

Derry down.

The refrain is taken up by numberless voices in a variety of keys, and, if there be a want of harmony, it is not because our own voices remain silent.

G. G. A.

Englishmen respected the giant Republic in its ~~as~~
unity and its ~~as~~ fancied strength, and no
Englishman will be mean enough to exult in
the idea of its separation and the horrors of its civil war.
But even then, when Mr. Dallas was our guest, I
never conceived, nor do I understand how any far-
sighted statesman could conceive, that a fourth
part of the earth could long be held under one
imperial form of government. That separation be-
tween North and South America which is now being
brought about by civil war I have long foreseen and
retold to be inevitable; and I venture to predict
that the younger men here present will live to see
not two, but at least four, and probably more
than four separate and sovereign common-
wealths arising out of those populations which
a year ago united their Legislature under one
resident and carried their merchandise under a
single flag. And so far from thinking that these separa-
tions will be injurious to the future destinies of
America, or inflict a blow on that grand principle of
self-government in which the substance of liberty
exists, I believe that such separations will be
attended with happy results to the safety of Europe
and the development of American civilization. If it
had been possible that, as population and
wealth increased, all the vast continent of America,
with her mighty seaboard and the fleets which her
increasing ambition as well as her extending com-
merce would have formed and armed, could have re-
mained under one form of government, in which the
executive has little or no control over a populace ex-
ceedingly advantageous and excitable, why then
America would have hung over Europe like a gather-
ing and destructive thundercloud. No single kingdom
of Europe could have been strong enough to maintain
itself against a nation that had once consolidated the
giant resources of a quarter of the globe. And this
vast extent of empire would have been as fatal
to the permanent safety and development of America
as the experience of all history tells us an em-
pire too vast to maintain the healthy circulation of its
own lifeblood ever has been, since the world began, to
the race over which it spread. By their own weight
the old colossal empires of the East fell to ruin. It
was by her own vast extent of dominion that Rome
at last lost her liberties, under the very armies which
she finally rendered up her dominion itself to the
vengeful barbarians she had invaded.
The immense monarchy founded by the genius
of Charlemagne fell to pieces soon after his
death, and those pieces are now the kingdoms
of Europe. But neither the empires of the East,
nor the commonwealth of Rome, nor the monarchy of
Charlemagne could compare in extent and resources
with the continent of America; and you will re-
member that the United States claimed a right to the
whole of that continent and the ultimate fate of
America under one feeble Executive—the feeblest
executive perhaps ever known in a civilised commu-
nity—would have been no exception to the truths of
history and the laws of nature. But in proportion as
America shall become subdivided into different
states, each of which is large enough for greatness—

MODERN GHOST REVIVAL.

THAT this is an age of progress is not yet an article of faith, to dissent from which is heresy; but the belief that we are all going forward is so strong, it requires some courage to express a doubt on the matter. Not wishing to deny the fact that there is a general movement onward, we must recognise something equally evident, that as it "moves on," society is very fond of looking back; it breaks with the past very reluctantly, reverts to it very readily, and carries a good deal that is old with it in its advance. Is it from timidity and mistrust of the future before us, or from real respect for antiquity, that in so many things we prefer to stop and look behind us, rather than press on courageously? If we progress, it is in spite of many influences that do their best or worst to "chain the wheel." The van of the army is pushed forward, but its movements are terribly hampered by the quantity of old baggage carried in the rear. There is a strong conviction that much of the lumber is useless, but we have not the heart to burn it and be rid of it. And the whole body is always ready to cry a halt, and get up a "revival." It is generally one of something that our ancestors wore out, and being thought dead, was buried. But while one-half of society is pushing on, utterly oblivious of what has passed out of sight, the other half gathers round some clique of relic-worshippers who have dug up the dry bones of an art or science, and are wasting on a "revival" the energies that, made in the opposite direction, might have led them to a creation.

puerile, half-belief in the supernatural, cropping out in a literary hypocrisy. The writers of these tales do not believe in their machinery themselves, and are, so far, self degraded into public impostors. This dallying with a horrible superstition is a criminal method of exciting attention, while the result is the reverse of amusing. More than half the readers of popular journals are young and half-formed minds. What is the impression they are likely to derive from the story of the lady's ghost that always appears in the railway carriage before a catastrophe? or the other ghost that sat in a box at Drury Lane? or the cluster of ghosts in the Four Stories, in "All the Year Round?" or the last lot of ghostly trash, by "Mr. H." in the same journal. The spectre that would have her portrait taken, and crossed country by rail, and cined with a family party, and carried a leaf from the "Book of Beauty" to London? The minds that such rubbish does not confuse, it must disgust. We implore Mr. Dickens to drop his "H.," and put a ban on this detestable modern ghost, as far as his editorial power extends. The "thick and slab" story of "Love and Murder," concocted for the craving of a different taste, is not so mischievous. The authors bring a fair percentage of their characters to the gallows or the hulks. To the modern ghost story no antidote is offered. It is a mere stimulus to mental disease.

Along with this revival of the "Ghost" in literature, there is a return to the ghastly in art. The illustrations of *Once a Week* are singularly

largest portion of her Empire in the Western world; and on the 23rd of June the same year, whilst Great Britain's soldiers, in tight spatterdashers and cocked hats, with hair powdered and "albermarled" in accordance with the regulations of the military martinetin, were struggling under Gage against the undisciplined, unpowdered levies of the Confederate States," all the good citizens of London, headed by the "beau ton" of those formal corrupt old days, were swarming the banks of Father Thames to see the first gatta.

"The first entertainment of the kind in England," says the Annual Register of that state; and from the same authority we learn that it "was borrowed from the Venetians, and exhibited partly on the Thames, and partly at Ranelagh."

Novelties in the year 1775 did not succeed each other quite so quickly as in these more favoured times; the want of something new was consequently more deeply felt. The appetite for amusement was not one whit less sharp, though it could be satisfied with simpler fare, the palate of the public sometimes required to be stimulated; and so it was that some ingenious caterer for the public wants bethought himself of this new sport from Venice, and in proof of his discernment, on the 23rd June, 1775, all the sight-seeing world of London were to be found standing on the very tip-toe of expectation to see this great regatta.

The 23rd was on a Friday. The bells of St. Mark ushered in the morning of the long-

ended a meeting of the Herts Agricultural Society, Hitchin. When the show of stock and produce over, a dinner took place at the Corn Exchange, which was presided over by Mr. C. W. Giles Fuller, replying to "the health of the county members," E. B. Lytton incidentally made the following remarks with reference to the present state of America:—

gentlemen.—Since I last addressed you in our meetings great changes have passed over the World and the New. Let me entreat your mission to speak of those changes. I can do so without provoking any party differences of opinion; whatever affects the civilised races, from the other end of the channel to the shores of the Atlantic, must be an interest for England; and whatever interests England, must interest not the least those who invest capital in its soil, and whom all the interests of humanity attach to the safety and welfare of the land. At changes have come over Europe. When I last saw you here what was Italy?—a discordant variety of States, in which the friends of order were puppets of Austria, and in which the friends of liberty seemed wild conspirators who could use no other weapon against tyrants but the dagger of the miserable assassin. Now what is Italy? A great nation, a constitutional monarchy; the tyrant is gone, and let us hope that the assassin is disarmed. The enchanted princess in the old story books was thrown into a death-like slumber till the spells that confined her fell down before the trumpet of her destined deliverer, Italy has risen out from the sleep of ages restored to the bloom, but exposed also to the passions and struggles of youth. Heaven reward and Heaven bless her! It is for the interest of England that Italy should enter into the fold of the community of constitutional nations. Foreigners do not understand the foreign policy of England. I will endeavour to explain what it is. England is a nation, and its statesmen must consult popular opinion; the popular opinion of a free State goes to the tree. England is a commercial and a manufacturing nation. It is the interest of England that

not doubt that the action of emulation and rivalry between the one free State and another, speaking the same language, and enjoying that educated culture which inspires an affection for all that enlightens and exalts humanity, will produce the same effects upon art and commerce, and the improvements in practical government which the same kind of competition produced in the old commonwealths of Greece. Heaven grant that my convictions may not be erroneous. I am not, then, one of those who say that the impending separation of the American States proves the failure of her experiment of Democracy. Any other form of government would have equally failed in keeping together sections of a community so geographically cast, with interests antagonistic to each other. But this I may say, that when we see liberty and law alike suspended in the moment of danger, printing presses destroyed by an unresisted mob, or the opinions of public writers stifled by a Democratic Government—when we see an American President so bewildered by his own armies, or so despairing of the skill of his own generals that he offers to the Italian Garibaldi the command of American patriots—I think, without vanity, we may say that in those acts of good government which can preserve freedom in the hour of danger, and enable a nation to right itself by the brains and the hearts of its own children, America has more to learn from England than England to learn from America. Let us, then, turn our eyes back to our own country, humbly grateful for the blessings we enjoy, and manfully resolved to defend and maintain them.

THE ORPHANS: A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—It is not frequently that the Paris police courts exhibit remarkable instances of heroism in common life, or that such cases as that of Marguerite Deschamps or Lucile Rloydat occur in them to relieve the monotony of crime they exhibit. The latter is a peculiarly interesting example of the struggles of a Parisian child, so much so that the phenomenon of a President with tearful eyes was evoked by it. The circumstances in

houses in Europe, and they continue such; and even statesmen not distinguished by such inviolate largesse found that place implied also enormous wealth. These were only the great prizes in the lottery, but far below these men in social status appeared others, who from generation to generation purchased out the landed families. The woolstapler was probably the first, and bought much of the abbey lands. Then came the monopolist and the lawyer, Mompesson and Bacon, on a less notorious scale. The goldsmith, as he was called, or money-dealer, as we now call him, followed next, with interest at sixty per cent., and a habit—or report believed—of local regrating. In the Parliamentary days great slices of property went to successful soldiers and London citizens, and then began with the Restoration the reign of the Turkey merchant. How a "fortune" could be made out of the Levant trade, while so limited in extent, seems inexplicable, but the profits of every venture would make a merchant of 1861 stare with envy, and seem incredible to the most prosperous monopolists of our own day, the dozen dictators of the China trade. With William commenced the loanmonger and the Nabob, but the reign of the latter was not really felt so early, though the Company declared dividends such as are nowadays only obtained from an Australian copper-mine or an Indian steam company. In the days of Queen Anne the army contractor was in his glory, paid by a dozen Governments, cheating all, and turning the proceeds into land. The loan-monger, too, flourished, and though only at best a cross between Rothschild and a pawnbroker, he was on the right scent, and founded houses. In the days of the first and second Georges enormous changes of property must have occurred. The landowners touched nearly, though not quite, their lowest point of depression, while every other powerful class grew rich. The projects of that day were not all bubbles. The stockbroker accumulated, contractors for the State managed unheard-of jobs, and writers in laced coats railed at the sudden rise of all in trade, the Cits with pretty wives and bottomless purses. They were all, however, in popular imagination, overshadowed by the Nabobs, though the popular imagination was deceived. Nobody saw the Indians make their money, and so their rise was considered prodigious, but their wealth never came up to the popular idea. The largest sum ever taken out of India was probably Mr. Barlow's—£900,000; the next, Clive's; and the next, either Verelst's or Vansittart's. Had the latter retained his lands, his successors would have been among the richest men of earth, one item in his property being about a third of Calcutta. The Indians, however, had no estates to keep up, confused property and income, had an insatiate thirst for position, and, though reputed princes, they did not found many families—not half so many as the stockbrokers, who, up to the opening of the revolutionary war, were probably, *par excellence*, the fortune-makers. Then came the glorious days when every man who could make out a bill against Government made a fortune: when a contractor for fat beasts, a mere carcasse butcher, made the

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A school of English painters exhumed the "pre-Raphaelite" artists, and trumpeted a great advance, when they went back for lessons to the time when art, having forgotten how to read, was again learning to spell. There is a "revival" of church architecture, because we have not the genius, or the courage, to strike out the new style that new conditions of society require. We are printing books in imitation of the typography of the 17th century; music is excavating and reviving the ancient composers, for want of new talent; what was to be the "music of the future," *par excellence*, being obstinately rejected by the present; and medicine is returning to that most primitive stage of the science when mankind were killed or cured without physic, from the mere lack of drugs and chemicals wherewith to save or slay. But of all sciences, perhaps astronomy exhibits the most curious combination of the triumphs of pure intellect at one end of the scale, with the most grovelling superstition at the other: while it points out, by calculation, the exact place of a new planet, which in due time "swims into our ken," the pseudo-science of astrology not only co-exists with it, but seems to flourish, having still its practitioners, its periodicals, and its almanacs. Here, in London, you may have your nativity cast, and your horoscope drawn, as methodically as in the days of Lily or Dr. Dee. Putting together several modern developments, we may fairly ask if the age is as far advanced, or progressing so rapidly, as we have all agreed to take for granted.

We have our doubts: what is called enlight-

We have our doubts; what is called enlightenment appears to do its work in patches, leaving whole masses on the level, in comparative darkness, and many who stand on much higher points of social position in a very vague twilight. And in that "clear obscure," or half shadow, they display some of the old owl-like aversion to sunshine. If the rattle of the steam-engine would permit them fairly to sleep, they would willingly "dream dreams, and see visions," of the kind that bewildered and stupefied the world in the dark ages. To what other cause can we ascribe that decided "revival" of the "ghostly" in our recent periodical literature? We do not mean Spiritualism, and all its rappings and table tumbling, but in the resuscitation of the real old "ghost," slightly modified, and put into modern costume. There is "rehabilitation" of the ancient spectre in several of our most popular serials, indicating either a diseased taste in their conductors, or a great fund of latent superstition in the public to whom they are addressed. It is a singular symptom that these ghost stories, requiring much mental degradation to tolerate them, form a feature not in the works that circulate among the lowest class of readers, but in those patronized by a much higher section of the community.

The greatest offenders in this way are

The greatest offenders in this way against common sense and good taste are the journals of what professes to be a purer literature—"All the Year Round," "Once a Week," and "Temple Bar." They discard the tales that deal with felonious baronets, and licentious dukes, trapdoors, abductions, forged wills, and the intimate relations the ne'erage has estab-

puerile, half-belief in the supernatural, cropping out in a literary hypocrisy. The writers of these tales do not believe in their machinery themselves, and are, so far, self degraded into public impostors. This dallying with a horrible superstition is a criminal method of exciting attention, while the result is the reverse of amusing. More than half the readers of popular journals are young and half-formed minds. What is the impression they are likely to derive from the story of the lady's ghost that always appears in the railway carriage before a catastrophe? or the other ghost that sat in a box at Drury Lane? or the cluster of ghosts in the Four Stories, in "All the Year Round?" or the last *list* of ghostly trash, by "Mr. H." in the same journal. The *spectre* that would have her portrait taken, and crossed country by rail, and cined with a family party, and carried a leaf from the "Book of Beauty" to London? The minds that such rubbish does not confuse, it must disgust. We implore Mr. Dickens to drop his "H," and put a ban on this detestable modern ghost, as far as his editorial power extends. The "thick and slab" story of "Love and Murder," concocted for the craving of a different taste, is not so mischievous. The authors bring a fair percentage of their characters to the gallows or the hulks. To the modern ghost story no antidote is offered. It is a mere stimulus to mental disease.

Along with this revival of the "Ghost" in literature, there is a return to the ghastly in art. The illustrations of *Once a Week* are singularly cadaverous; they abound in corpses of all ranks and ages; dead warriors; dead maidens: death-beds are frequent. It is Mr. Millais, we think, who cultivates these effects. It is like a young surgeon seeking skill by practising on the dead subject? Is there a fear that John Leach's sketches from the living will amuse the public too much? Or does one periodical provide the bodies, and the other appropriate their ghosts? Between them our light literature is taking a very dissecting-room and churchyard character.

The literary "ghost" occasionally puts forth a sort of claim to consideration that it may be something on the verge of an unexplored domain of science; it is next of kin to the spirit that writes bad grammar, and upsets the wafers. Now, if the spectre can ask the favour, let science do it a good turn. Let optics and chemistry catch this modern ghost and photograph it! It can fix the tails of comets and the atmosphere of the sun; the other day a photographer, at Berlin, caught a stream of electric light, flowing out of the bronze spear of Kiss's Amazon. A ghost can hardly be less material, if it wears crinoline, is helped twice to beef, drinks claret, and wants a portrait taken. The photographer's plate is liable to no delusions, has no brains to be diseased, and is exact in its testimony. We will believe even in the modern ghost if it can be fixed on paper. And it can surely walk into Claudet's or Mayall's if it can go to the theatre?—*London Review*, October 26.

OUR FIRST ENGLISH REGATTA.
It is August,—Parliament is up,—battles, murders, and sudden deaths do not suit the dog-days,—it takes all the graphic powers of a Russell to excite an interest in the mad doings of our cousins across the Atlantic, and we turn with pleasure from the columns in which the word "America" appears in large letters associated with all the horrors of a fratricidal war, to where we see the same four syllables in humbler guise under the heading of "Intelligence from Cowes," and learn that the far-famed schooner of that name has sailed, and lost, a match with the Alarm. There is something refreshing in the very thought of a regatta at this hot season, and though the unequal distribution of Fortune's favours may not allow us to sail our own yachts, we can at least derive enjoyment from inhaling the invigorating breezes of old Ocean, as seated upon the shore we watch with dreamy interest the sport which is made for us by those who

An ocean separates us from anarchy and bloodshed; in the face of this glorious summer sun sea-girt old England, clad in her golden robes of harvest, looks up and smiles. Let us too look up with thankfulness and joy, for many and great are the blessings which surround us, and, in the midst of peace and plenty, gratitude is due to Him who is the giver of all good gifts.

Such were our thoughts a few days since, as seated upon the shores of the Solent, a signal gun from the yacht club battery at Cowes announced to those deeply interested in the race that the

largest portion of her Empire in the Western world; and on the 23rd of June of the same year, whilst Great Britain's soldiers, in tight spatterdashes and cocked hats, with hair powdered and "albermarled" in accordance with the regulations of the military martinetts, were struggling under Gage against the undisciplined, unpowdered levies of the Confederate States," all the good citizens of London, headed by the "beau ton" of those formal corrupt old days, were swarming the banks of Father Thames to see the first gatta.

"The first entertainment of the kind in England," says the Annual Register of that state; and from the same authority we learn that it "was borrowed from the Venetians, and exhibited partly on the Thames, and partly at Ranelagh."

Novelties in the year 1775 did not succeed each other quite so quickly as in these more favoured times; the want of something new was consequently more deeply felt. The appetite for amusement was not one whit less sharp, though it could be satisfied with simpler fare, the palate of the public sometimes required to be stimulated; and so it was that some ingenious caterer for the public wants bethought himself of this new sport from Venice, and in proof of his discernment, on the 23rd of June, 1775, all the sight-seeing world of London were to be found standing on the very tip-toe of expectation to see this great regatta.

The 23rd was on a Friday. The bells of St. Mark ushered in the morning of the long-looked-for show with a merry peal, whilst later in the day St. Margaret's rang out her happiest chimes. On the river all was bustle and confusion. Barges belonging to the different companies and pleasure-boats were moving to and fro. Flags and gay steamers fluttered in the breeze. From London bridge to Millbank was one moving mass of boats and barges; the splendour of the scene increasing as we moved towards Westminster, where prominent amongst other striking objects was a river barge, "filled with the finest ballast in the world—above 100 elegant ladies."

"Above 1200 flags were flying before four o'clock, and such was the impatience of the public, that scores of barges were filled at that time," though half-a-guinea was asked for a seat in one of them. Scaffolds were erected in the barges, on the banks of the river, and even on the top of Westminster Hall; all of which were crowded with spectators. The bridges were covered with crowds in carriages and on foot, men even placing themselves in the bodies of the lamp irons. Before six o'clock it was a perfect fair on both sides of the water, land — we are told — bad liquor with short measure was plentifully retailed, whilst in order that there should be no lack of additional excitement for those who might require it, the avenues leading to Westminster bridge were covered with gaming tables.

Six o'clock and no regatta! The impatient multitude must have pinched their ears, when from

under the arches of the bridge at Westminster, they heard the sound of "drums, fifes, horns, trumpets, &c." This was followed by a round of cannon from a platform before the Duke of Richmond, "who, with his grace of Montague, and the Earl of Pembroke, had splendid companies on the occasion."

At half-past seven there is a stir upon the river; and my Lord Mayor's barge sweeping down in great state, twenty-one cannon are fired as a salute; and then, just before my Lord Mayor's barge reached the bridge, to which it had made a circle, "the wager boats started, on the signal of firing a single piece of cannon." They are said to have been absent some fifty minutes, and "on their return the whole procession moved with a picturesque irregularity towards Ranelagh." We hear no more of these "wager boats;" it is evident that the interest of those who came to see the show was not centered in them, and we can but exclaim with all true lovers of aquatics, "O, monstrous! but one halppenny-worth of bread for this intolerable deal of sack!"

But all the world has moved up the river, the Thames has become a floating town, everything—from "a dung-barge to a wherry"—is in motion; let us on to Ranelagh!

We land with the company on the stairs at nine o'clock, and share their disappointment when, on proceeding to join the assembly which has come by land in the Temple of Neptune, we find that the Ocean God, wrathful perhaps at his musicians having been attired in "sylvan suits," has thrown

ended meeting of the Herts Agricultural Society, Luton. When the show of stock and produce over, a dinner took place at the Corn Exchange, which was presided over by Mr. C. W. Giles Pulteney, "to the health of the county members," E. B. Lytton incidentally made the following remarks with reference to the present state of America:—

gentlemen.—Since I last addressed you in our annual meetings great changes have passed over the World and the New. Let me entreat your mission to speak of those changes. I can do so without provoking any party differences of opinion; whatever affects the civilised races, from the other end of the channel to the shores of the Atlantic, must be an interest for England; and whatever interests England, must interest not the least those who invest their capital in its soil, and whom all the interests of humanity attach to the safety and welfare of the land. At changes have come over Europe. When I last saw you here what was Italy?—a discordant variety of States, in which the friends of order were puppets of Austria, and in which the friends of liberty seemed wild conspirators who could use no fair weapon against tyrants but the dagger of the terrible assassin. Now what is Italy? A great nation, a constitutional monarchy; the tyrant is gone, and let us hope that the assassin is disarmed. The enchanted princess in the old story books, was thrown into a death-like slumber till the heralds that confined her fell down before the trumpet of her destined deliverer, Italy has risen out from the sleep of ages restored to the bloom, but exposed also to the passions and struggles of youth. Heaven and Heaven bless her! It is for the interest of England that Italy should enter into the fold of the community of constitutionalists. Foreigners understand the foreign policy of England. I will endeavour to explain what it is. England is a nation, and its statesmen must consult popular opinion; the popular opinion of a free State goes with the free. England is a commercial and a manufacturing nation. It is the interest of England that a government, with the elements of progressive prosperity, should be established everywhere, because only in good governments that the interchange of commerce is secure, and in proportion as the stranger prospers the probability is that he will open the market for our English manufactures. We have no interest in tyrannies, where all progress is arrested. We have no interest in revolutions, where property is insecure. But we have an interest in the rise and prosperity of every people who adopt that temperate form of constitutional freedom in which our own experience has proved to be best for the development of human energies; and if, to that good feeling we must seek the basis, it is because every people so rising will naturally become our ally through the sympathy of freedom, and our customers through the commercial prosperity which is the usual result of political freedom. In these few words, if foreigners will condescend to reflect, they will find the true basis of the foreign policy of England. We have an interest, certainly not less, in the success of that experiment in which Austria has passed from haughty representative of hereditary despotism to ranks—still, unashamedly, few—of constitutional archies. No politician worthy the name of statesman, no educated man, who will cast his eye over the map of Europe, but what must acknowledge the immense importance to freedom and to England of establishing, midway between Russia and France, a way between the two great military and absolute empires of Europe, a constitutional monarchy with immense resources both in territory and population; resources that have utterly failed to Austria herself. Her Government was despotic, but which may develop, as our resources have developed, under a system precisely analogous to our own. Kings, lords, and Commons, with Ministers and representatives responsible to the people, and criticised by a free press,—such is the Constitution of

between one free State and another, speaking the same language, and enjoying that educated culture which inspires an affection for all that enlightens and exalts humanity, will produce the same effects upon art and commerce, and the improvements in practical government which the same kind of competition produced in the old commonwealths of Greece. Heaven grant that my convictions may not be erroneous. I am not, then, one of those who say that the impending separation of the American States proves the failure of her experiment of Democracy. Any other form of government would have equally failed in keeping together sections of a community so geographically cast, with interests antagonistic to each other. But this I may say, that when we see liberty and law alike suspended in the moment of danger, printing presses destroyed by an unresisted mob, or the opinions of public writers stifled by a Democratic Government—when we see an American President so bewildered by his own armies, or so despairing of the skill of his own generals that he offers to the Italian Garibaldi the command of American patriots—I think, without vanity, we may say that in those acts of good government which can preserve freedom in the hour of danger, and enable a nation to right itself by the brains and the hearts of its own children, America has more to learn from England than England to learn from America. Let us, then, turn our eyes back to our own country, humbly grateful for the blessings we enjoy, and manfully resolved to defend and maintain them.

THE ORPHANS : A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—It is not frequently that the Paris police courts exhibit remarkable instances of heroism in common life, or that such cases as that of Marguerite Deschamps or Lucile Royer occur in them to relieve the monotony of crime they exhibit. The latter is a particularly interesting example of the struggles of a Parisian child, so much so that the phenomenon of a President with tearful eyes was evoked by it. The circumstances in connection with it are as follows:—A fair-faced and blue-eyed child, delicate, gentle-looking, and badly dressed, was brought up to be dealt with as a vagrant. On being asked her history, she replied, "Alas! Monsieur, I am the child of an honest workman, and a *courtaise*, but they are dead, and I don't know if I have any grown-up relations or not. I have only one brother, but Jacques is very little, and he does not know that I am here." "But," answered the Judge, "he being a child, I must, I am sorry to say, condemn you." The little girl on hearing this began to sob and cry out, "Poor Jacques! poor Jacques! what will he do?" She was presently interrupted by a childish voice calling to her, "Here I am, take courage, and don't be afraid." The speaker, an intelligent-looking little fellow in a groom's dress, advancing towards the bar, cried out in a supplicating tone, "Hear me, hear me, M. le President, and don't pass sentence on Lucile, who never in her life did a wrong thing till to-day. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, sister—do, Monsieur, forgive her; for I am able to take care of her." "How old are you, my little man?" "Twelve," said Jacques; while Lucile cried, "Oh, how good you are; I thought I was lost." "My child," said the magistrate, "I shall do all in my power to set your sister free, but you must first give me an explanation about both her and yourself." "Oh, if that's all, I can do it at once. When my father and mother died of fever, we were left without anything, and seeing Lucile young and helpless, I said to myself I will be a workman and earn money to send her to school. I apprenticed myself to a brushmaker, and every day gave my sister the half of what they gave me to eat; in the evening I brought her to my room and made her sleep in my bed, while I wrapped myself up in my blouse and a rug, and slept on the floor till she got up before daybreak to go away. The poor child is growing, and she must not have had enough to eat since she begged, but since yesterday morning I have

land; such is now the Constitution of Austria, whatever interest we may have in the prosperity and freedom of other nations is seldom an interest which admits of armed interference. Some of us may doubt whether Sardinia has been either prudent or durable in her annexation of Naples. Some of us may doubt whether Hungary or Austria be right in the dispute between them; but no Englishman of common sense can doubt that these questions which Italy and Austria should settle for themselves. And when I said that I could judge upon these questions without provoking party differences, it is because on the grand principle that we should refrain from armed intervention—except in the direct and immediate safety and honour of Britain are concerned—but the great parties in the country are agreed. On this my Lord Russell offers his generous compliment to his predecessor Earl of Malmesbury, of whom you will permit me to say thus much, that to that comprehensiveness and solidity of judgment which generally comes from a knowledge of mankind and of the world Lord Malmesbury unites that manly frankness which is a attribute of moral courage and undeviating honour. As Lord Russell has paid a just tribute to my esteemed colleague in the late Cabinet, so I in turn may with sincere pleasure, that on the whole—without approving every word in every despatch—on the whole, in a time of great and anxious difficulty, Lord Russell had, in my humble judgment, well maintained the interests of our country.

ever maintained the interests, fearlessly upheld the honour, and faithfully represented the general opinion of the British nation. But, gentlemen, it is not in the World alone that great changes have passed since last addressed you. Many of you will remember well when I took the chair, now so ably filled, at our meeting in this town, there came with me, as my guest and as yours, Mr. Dallas, the distinguished Diplomatic Minister of the then United States of America. You will remember the enthusiasm with which he was deservedly greeted, and the applause that followed every affectionate allusion to the Republican kinfolk, with whom nevertheless we were at that moment, as there has been often the Power of Habit.—I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance—habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child a habit of sacredly regarding truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing

THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1862.

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.—JANUARY 1.
MARY AGNES, barque, 276 tons, Captain Sabby, from Mauritius
arrived. Passengers—Mrs. Graham, Tangle and Co., agents.
Cheetah, schooner, 115 tons, Captain H. Ward, from Combo
15th October. Molson and Black, agents.
KANGAROO, 100 tons, Captain J. R. Moore, from London.
Passenger—Miss Watford. Miss Rusden, from London.
Messer, Messrs. Scarff, James, Wollen, Smith, Wall, Gove,
Willis, Marriages, schooner, 210 tons, Captain Moore, from Melbourne
26th Ultimo. Captain, agent.
John Stephenson, barque, 392 tons, Captain Westlake, from
Port Phillip. For September 12th, Captain, agent.

DEPARTURES.—JANUARY 1.

COASTERS INWARDS.—JANUARY 1.
PATERSON, coaster, from Morphett, with 27 miles hay, 100 bags wool,
200 bags flour, 100 bags oil, 500 bags tea, 500 bags poultry,
bags onions, 18 cases talk; Collyer's, from Morphett, with
116 bags wool, 100 bags maize, 32 cases tallow, 100 bags bran, 4
bags poultry, 10 bags oysters, 2 calves, 1 horse, 326 ounces 3
owls gold.

PROJECTED DEPARTURES.—JANUARY 1.

METAL, for Amherst; Grafton (s.), for Grafton.

COASTERS INWARDS.—JANUARY 1.

PATERSON, coaster, from Morphett, with 27 miles hay, 100 bags wool,
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116 bags wool, 100 bags maize, 32 cases tallow, 100 bags bran, 4
bags poultry, 10 bags oysters, 2 calves, 1 horse, 326 ounces 3
owls gold.

MATERIALS.—JANUARY 1.

MARPOON, from Melbourne: 1596 bags salt, Wt. weight; 40
bushels vinegar, 14 bushels oil, 100 bags beer, 500
bags flour, 500 bags oil, 500 bags tea, 500 bags gin, 45
bags onions, 18 cases talk; COASTER, from Melbourne, with
116 bags wool, 100 bags maize, 32 cases tallow, 100 bags bran, 4
bags poultry, 8 bags cinnamon, 100 bags bran, 223 barrels
oats, 8 bags pepper.

MARY AGNES, from Mauritius: 457 bags sugar, T. W. Smart.
John Stephenson, from Fowey: 2686 sheets 3497 half-
sheet, 1000 sheets 3497 quarter, 1000 sheets 3497 W. H.
Elliott, 6 packages 5 lbs. Russell, 5 packages 5 lbs. Scott,
4 packages tea, Box A. Schwan, 1 box tea, Dr. Mitchell.

SHIP'S MAIL.

MAIL will close at the General Post Office, as follows:—
For SYDNEY.—By the Flagship of Five Dock, this day, at 1 p.m.
For SHANGHAI.—By the steamer "Tiger," this day, at 11 a.m.
For GRAFTON.—By the Grafton (s.), this day, at 3.30 p.m.
For MELBOURNE.—By the Rangatira (s.), on Friday, at 1 p.m.
For SAN FRANCISCO.—By the Icicleum, on Saturday, at 6 p.m.
For BRISBANE.—By the Telegraph (s.), on Friday, at 3.30 p.m.

MURDER ON BOARD THE "SCHEIN JEHAN."

In consequence of inaction on the part of the lascars portion of the crew of this vessel, they had been sent to confinement in the hold. They were severely flogged, and placed by the Water Police on board the vessel, unable to proceed on her voyage for Shanghai. There were thirteen lascars, and they were all sent down to the hold, and remained there until noon on Saturday. On Sunday morning, Inspector Cowell, with a boat's crew, proceeded on board in consequence of the Ensign having been done damage to, and the crew informed him that the lascars had been flogged, and he was ordered to inspect them. The following are the particulars of the affair:—The crew of the vessel, who were all lascars, with hand-pieces, holding pins, &c., with which they had placed on the topgallant, foretop, two of the number seized the crewman, and, striking him on the head, drove him to the deck with a carpenter's adze, on the back of the head, penetration to the brain, and causing instant death. They then dragged the crewman down to the hold, and, by wounding the unfortunate man's head, also the instrument by which he committed the proof of the crime. In the meantime others of the lascars came on deck under pretence of speaking to Captain Adams, who, however, being unable to speak to them, caused them to be sent below. The crew were then assembled by the master from behind, while one of the super-deckers struck him twice on the forehead with a bucket, the iron hoop of which struck him in the eye, causing instant death. The European portion of the crew, consisting of the chief officer and three men, together with a waterman, named J. Ives, who was sent to the hold to see what was the matter, and the captain remained, quite quietly until taken into custody by the Water Police, and all brought on shore again. The body of the Serang was placed in the dead-house, waiting the coroner's inquest.

The Kembra (s.) brings 2000 bags wool, 10 bags skins, 30 bags
butcher's meat, 100 bags flour, 100 bags oil, 500 bags
Cheetah, from Colombia had light and fine weather as far
as Cape Horn, thence strong westerly breezes. She brings no
reports of any accident, but had a full-rigged ship in Bass's Straits, painted
black, steering westerly.

The Mary Agnes left Mauritius on the 10th November, and has
taken the northern route, being the principal part of the passage. She reports
that she had a very smooth run, and arrived in Bass's Straits, painted
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TO BUILDING MECHANICS and WORKERS—Allotments of LAND FOR SALE, on LONG CREDIT, or in exchange for labour. To respectable persons wishing to build at once, assistance will be given to the extent of one-half of their outlay. For particulars, apply to Mr. LUCAS, Burwood Railway Station.

STATION for SALES, with 3000 sheep, Burwood District.—That very comfortable run in Burwood district over the "Line of Progress," capable of holding over 1000 sheep. It is well watered, and distant only thirty miles from the town of Gwydir.

With the above will be sold 5000 well-bred sheep.

The improvements on the station consist of substantial dwelling-house and kitchen, three huts, workshop, 200 family-hurdles, good stockyard, and sundry other improvements.

For particulars apply to BUYERS and CO., Charlotte-place.

5000 EWES, very superior, in the Upper Hunter.

2000 ewes and lambs, all from the Tenterfield Downs

2000 mafteids, a first-class lot, ditto

5000 ditto, and 5000 wethers, ditto

6000 ditto and full-moulted ewes, 5000 wethers, ditto

18,000 large framed 3 and 4 year old wethers, ditto

4000 ditto, and 2000 lambs, ditto

1000 sheep, well-reared, on the Clarence, Gwydir,

Burwood Downs and Burnett.

For SALE, by BENNY BETT, 6, Wynyard-street.

STORY IRON HEEP FOR SALE, in one lot.

3300 wethers, 4 and 5 years old

400 ewes, 3 and 4 years old.

Deliverable on the Spot.

LOTZE and LARNACH.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Marty's Horse and Carriage Bazaar, 260, Pitt-street, and

220, Pitt-street.

R. CHARLES MARTYN holds a regular SALE BY AUCTION every TUESDAY,

THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock precisely.

All parties sending horses or other stock, carriages, &c., are requested to forward written instructions previous to sale, stating brands, age, qualification, &c., and amount of deposit, otherwise a sale will be effected to the highest bidder.

N.B.—No responsibility whatever incurred by accident in trying or breaking-in horses.

THURSDAY'S General Sale.

M. R. C. MARTYN will sell by auction, at the Bazaar, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock,

Hickman's Hall, opposite the Tenterfield Hotel.

Hunter's ditto

Several heavy draught horses.

With the usual number of good and useful horses.

At 2 o'clock.

At the Camperdown Sale Yards.

Stout colts.

THURSDAY'S General Sale.

M. R. CHARLES MARTYN will sell by auction, at the Bazaar, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

A room gilding, 6 feet 10 inches, about 16 hands high, broken to saddle and harness, and a very fast trotter.

Richmond Horses.

M. R. C. MARTYN has received instructions from Mr. W. Parnell, to sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

An excellent young colt, stands 16 hands high, goes by Mr. Scally's improved horses.

A black cart colt, 3 years old, a perfect dray horse.

A room colt, 4 years old, a good saddle horse, and carries a lad.

M. R. C. MARTYN has received instructions to be sold by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

A large powerful mare, accustomed to work in the threshing mill, harness and pack-addict.

Postponed on account of the inclement weather.

South County Horses.

(The celebrated T brand.)

At the Camperdown Yards, on THURSDAY, at 2 o'clock.

M. R. CHARLES MARTYN has received instructions from R. M. Robey, Esq., to sell by auction, at the Camperdown Sale Yards, THIS DAY, at 2 o'clock.

A draft of 50 first-class colts, the first draft of this season, among which will be found many heavy colts, strong carriage and weight carriers.

No reserves.

Saddles and Dragoons.

Just landed.

M. R. C. MARTYN has been instructed by Messrs. L. and S. Spyer and Co., to sell by auction, at the Bazaar, on SATURDAY next, January 5th, at 11 o'clock.

An inviolate and fashionable sociable and dragoons.

To be sold at the Bazaar.

M. R. ARMSTRONG will sell, at his Veterinary Repository, opposite Tattersall's Hotel, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

Three young colts, and two young horses by their sides, accustomed to give 12 hours' work, milk each per day. Will stand to be milked without halting, and exactly suited for private families or ships' use.

Horses and Cows, Carte, &c.

M. R. S. WOOLLER will sell by auction, at his Horse Repository, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

A lot of heavy horses, suitable for any work, well broken in. Also,

Horses and carts, saddles, dragoons, drays, &c. Also,

Milking cows, in full milk.

No reserves.

Butchers, Butchers, &c., &c.

M. R. W. FULLAGAR has received instructions from Mr. Charlie Kather, to sell, at his Yards, Western Road, on MONDAY next, 6th instant, at 12 o'clock.

200 (two hundred) head of very prime cattle, in lots to suit purchasers.

Weekly Produce Sale.

Wool, Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Empty Casks.

O. B. EBSWORTH will sell by public auction, at his Produce Stores, Circular Quay, on THURSDAY, 2nd January, at half-past 10 o'clock precisely.

142 bags wool

42 sacks tallow and lard

100 sheepskins

Hides, &c., &c.

Terms, cash.

FRIDAY, 3rd January.

To Grocers, Storkeepers, Country Buyers, and others.

Groceries

Oilmen's Stores

Tobacco

Vingars, &c., &c., &c.

FOTHERINGHAM and MULLEN have received instructions to sell by auction, at their Rooms, 309, George-street, on FRIDAY next, at 3 January, at 11 o'clock precisely.

19 cases Threlkeld's tobacco

50 quarter-casks Fatt's No. 24 vinegar

100 boxes Fatt's best light blue

10 cases Solent juice

75 cases pickles

50 ditto pint sald oil

15 boxes W. L. arrowroot

10 cases blanched ginger

15 kgs carbonated soda

10 barrels oatmeal

10 firkins Cork root butter

50 boxes Colman's starch

20 ditto prime salts, &c., &c., &c.

Terms, cash.

Bacon and Sausages.

Now landing ex John Banfield.

FOTHERINGHAM and MULLEN have received instructions to sell by auction, at their Rooms, 309, George-street, on an early day.

50 ditto new and reasonable goods.

Further particulars in future issue.

Bottled Fruits.

On account of whom it may concern.

FOTHERINGHAM and MULLEN will sell by auction, at their Rooms, 309, George-street, on FRIDAY next, at 11 o'clock precisely.

33 cases Thin and Co.'s assorted bottled fruits.

Terms of sale.

York Ham,

15 Cases.

FOTHERINGHAM and MULLEN have received instructions to sell by auction, at their Rooms, 309, George-street, on FRIDAY next, at 3 January, at 11 o'clock precisely.

15 cases prime York Ham.

Iron Bedsteads,

25 cases.

Now landing ex Saxon.

Without reserve.

FOTHERINGHAM and MULLEN have received instructions from the importers to sell by auction, at their Rooms, 309, George-street, on FRIDAY next, at 3 January, at 11 o'clock precisely.

15 cases prime York Ham.

Opposite the Royal Hotel.

On FRIDAY, the 3rd January, at 11 o'clock.

N. B.—A quantity of Merchandise purchased for the Otago Diggings, for a company of diggers, the parties having since disagreed.

The same, cash.

Including a House and Woods Building, suitable for a public house or store.

M. R. ROBERT MURIEL has received instructions to sell by public auction, at their Auction Rooms, on FRIDAY, the 3rd January, at 11 o'clock.

18 bags leather.

12 matraces

12 kogs of nails

12 saddles and bridles

12 pairs looking-glasses

32 iron.

Cases of beads

Saddles and bridles

Together with a variety of a very unusual character of goods suitable for trading.

TERMS, liberal.

RICHARDSON and WRENCH have received instructions to sell by public auction, at their Rooms, Pitt-street, on FRIDAY, the 3rd January, at 11 o'clock.

The whole of the ISLINGTON ESTATE, NEW-TOWN, comprising about 8 acres, subdivided into EIGHT ELLAITES.

Leisure is brought into the market, arranged so as to satisfy the demand for extended sites in this suburb, which will allow the purchaser sufficient area for ornamental grounds and paddocks, which are now considered a valuable addition to a suburban site, which by this subdivision, can be gratified to an extent of from one to four acres.

All former subdivisions in this locality have been building allotments, which have found purchasers at from £2 to £7 per foot, and will be available for building purposes in the near future.

The subdivision is being forwarded in a more acceptable manner, has been induced to sacrifice pecuniary considerations, to meet a rapidly increasing demand, and grant better facilities to purchasers for securing a desirable location, and to obtain for the estate a more rapid increase in value.

Nowhere is there a more rapid increase in population than in this suburb, and the demand for land, and every advantage to be derived from its proximity to the city, must continue to flourish and advance in importance; and there cannot be doubt that the completion of the tramway from the Sydney terminus, landing passengers by rail in the centre of the suburb, will greatly develop the enquiry for land at or near this station.

The proposed tramway to Botany, via Newtown, will also greatly improve the neighbourhood, and give a great impetus to its growing prosperity.

Day of Sale, MONDAY, 13th January.

NEWTOWN RAILWAY STATION.

Comprising about 8 ACRES, a few yards from the RAILWAY STATION, CAMDEN VILLA, the residence of THOMAS HOLT, Esq., M.L.A., HOLWOOD, the residence of JAMES DICKSON, Esq., M.L.A., and other first-class residences.

The property is situated in a highly improved and well-constructed locality, commanding extensive panoramic views of the surrounding country, with Botany Bay and the ocean in the distance.

The land is cleared, with the exception of a few richly fringed trees, giving a fine park-like appearance to the whole property.

Leisure is brought into the market, arranged so as to

satisfy the demand for extended sites in this suburb, which will allow the purchaser sufficient area for ornamental grounds and paddocks, which are now considered a valuable addition to a suburban site, which by this subdivision, can be gratified to an extent of from one to four acres.

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NEGROES BOND AND FREE.

(From the *Consolidated*.)
Colonel Blackbeard, is only skin-deep, as philosophers and moralists tell us; but few of us are sincere believers in the doctrine. We are all prejudiced, more or less. To some very worthy folks there is nothing intrinsically wrong in a dusky complexion, their sympathies are excited at once by the memory of their noble brethren, while the pale Lascars may receive a vain upon their countenances. There are others in whom the sight of a black face inspires repugnance and contempt; and between the poles of these rival opinions there is room for every shade of prejudice.

The negro has been a very Proteus in public estimation, presenting a different aspect to successive generations. First, came the old conventional crowd of which, according to the slaves, men were not men. To this very worthy folks there was something intrinsically wrong in a dusky complexion, their sympathies are excited at once by the memory of their noble brethren, while the pale Lascars may receive a vain upon their countenances. There are others in whom the sight of a black face inspires repugnance and contempt; and between the poles of these rival opinions there is room for every shade of prejudice.

But when Britannia snatched away the overseer's whip in her own colonies, paid the planter for his slaves in hard cash and set the Africans free, a very natural result followed.

The schoolmaster deposed, that the negroes, who had accepted the alms of animalitism, were not fit to be the African as a two-legged beast of burden. To this succeeded an uneasy qualm of the public conscience, a feeling of remorse for centuries of wrong, and a strong desire to make amends to black men present and future for the sufferings of black men in days past. This was the missionary epoch, and to its end may be traced much legislation which less sensitive nations regard as suicidal. The great heart of England has, however, the same scruples as the negro, quite as excusably, indulge in a idleness and profligacy, the ruin of at least one of our colonies, and a fatal and costly blockade of the Guinea Coast. We wept over negroes in those days; we had no shame and brothers; we regarded them with a sentimental affection.

Samba and Gumbo have, not always been so indulgedly treated, but they have compared to less lowly states, how to consume their surplus. They had neither wit nor industry to plant or grow, and as indolent as the sloth was currently reported before Mr. Waterson vindicated his character. More than this, there had been unfriendly fingers to point out, and malicious tongue to blazon abroad, the little flaws and failings from which the dullest of Adam's offspring are not exempt. See, cried certain cynics, how the negroes, though full of pure joys, petty lies, and that sort of folly, are unashamed that you have enfranchised! Bad enough, if this were all, but the evil does not end here.

The black man is, without ambition; a home Diogenes, he only asks the white man to keep out of his sunshine, and let him bask in his pleasure; he has not the least wish to be more rich, more clever, or more civilised, than his fathers were before him. Such was the indictment against the great negroes of Antilles, drawn up by those whose super-plantations were, like the white, while black squatters strewed their houses and fences in their Yam patches on "massa's" abandoned estates.

It was not entirely just—such sweeping strictures seldom are—but neither was it absolutely unfounded.

It is worthy of notice, that while the negro has been described as a martyr by one party, and as a mere locust and bather of the earth by another, his position is, in fact, of common consent, an exalted one; and remains that these two branches of the great human family are not on a level. The negro invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing. Even migration, the school in which the nomads of Europe and Asia graduated, seems to have been denied him. The black vegetated in his tropical swamps until his fair complexioned brother, the world's bully, pioneer, and chieftain, had made the world safe for him, and him with his burdens. It is then a mistaken kindness to declare the negro to be the white man's equal in energy and intellect; if he were so, he would indeed be deserving of blame for lagging in the race of life. But he is a being of another stamp. His nature is that he will work so often, not that his vacations are so frequent. But here, his local attachments come into play. The negro has, in truth, a cat-like affection for his country and plot of garden-ground; and when an estate is given to him in a distant village, the labourers will often work cheerfully, because they are under the orders of massas, whose tenants as well as hirelings, they are.

But no man can depend on a permanent supply of black labour; strange as such a thing may seem to us who are surrounded by hard-handed men actually praying for employment. But here we are braced to the task, and the negro, who is the slave of his master, and the destruction of the colony a myth. He once worked under dress of the cowhide, now he worked for a shilling, when he wanted a shilling. But as far as possible he avoided industry, that he might be expected from a master who did not but walk a score of yards to pick as many strawberries as possible, and would appear his hunger. The wonder is that he black worked so often, not that his vacations were so frequent. But here, his local attachments come into play. The negro has, in truth, a cat-like affection for his country and plot of garden-ground; and when an estate is given to him in a distant village, the labourers will often work cheerfully, because they are under the orders of massas, whose tenants as well as hirelings, they are.

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There are, however, we may safely say, could so readily be improved of the negroes in America as in those of the West Indies.

The question of "amalgamation" is one which is certain, however, that while the negro of the isles detests the mulatto a thousand times more than he does the white, while the mulatto views his darker cousin with scorn and his fairer cousin with envy, in the same way as is not unusual. One drop of blood from a negro's veins, and the wild haitches practised in some hotel at midnight, the murrings and incantations, the spells and amulets, produce a great effect on them, and wing forth their offerings on various pretences.

Nothing, however, we may safely say, could so readily be improved of the negroes in America as in those of the West Indies.

The uncertainty of negro labour, the caprice of the husbandman, who would work till they had earned enough to cover ground-junket, or the purchase of some overpriced finery, have elicited the bitterest curse of the negroes, and the most execrable with Justice. The negro recognized no reason for toiling an hour longer than suited his own convenience. To him, political economy was a sealed book, and a charlatan. Those who do not know him, and him with his burdens. It is then a mistaken kindness to declare the negro to be the white man's equal in energy and intellect; if he were so, he would indeed be deserving of blame for lagging in the race of life. But he is a being of another stamp. His nature is that he will work so often, not that his vacations are so frequent. But here, his local attachments come into play. The negro has, in truth, a cat-like affection for his country and plot of garden-ground; and when an estate is given to him in a distant village, the labourers will often work cheerfully, because they are under the orders of massas, whose tenants as well as hirelings, they are.

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